Just then Uncle Joe emerged from

shind a tree in a paroxysm of laugh

"You came down-haw, baw, haw-

jest like a-haw, haw, haw-jest like a coon!" and he bent almost double in

"I'll coon you, you minerable old white headed reprobate!" And then-

When the battle was over Uncle

spectorating mouthfuls of sand and

himself, he had a scratched face from which the blood cosed in little sweat-

like drops. But for once in his life he

had whipped his "pardner," made him

Then-they both agreed that it was

"Billy, ain't you afeerd your pap'll

lick you fer gain' to the river on

Uncle Billy responded with a feeble

mirthless laugh, and then his old face

Out of the gathering shadows arose

the old log farmhouse with its roo

of clapboards. Leaning upon the

'paling" front gate was his father-

his father as he had been in middle

He saw himself a barefoot boy, in

homespun trousers, coming up the

wood's path that led from the fishing

hole. He could hear the swish of the

each sprout wielded by his father

could feel again the sharp pain of its

strokes. He heard his mother, who

was straining the milk at the spring

"Thomas, don't be too hard on the

boy. Like enough that Joe Graham

'A sense of pain wrenched his heart

"I dunno, Joe, but 'pears like I'd

swap my soul off, hide and tail, as the

And Uncle Joe, with a childish qua-

Hard Times in Ransas.

The old days of grasshoppers and

drouth are almost forgotten in the pros-

perous Kansas of today; although a

not yet forgotten a hard time he en-

than one bottle to completly cure me."

The safest and most reliable cough and

ever discovered. Guaranteed by Charles

Rogers' drug store, 50c and \$1.00. Trial

feller says, if I jest was a boy ag'in."

ver in his old voice, responded:

as the scene faded, and he slowly an-

life, five and sixty years ago.

ouse door, say:

coaxed him to."

"Me too!"

bottle free.

took on a look of infinite yearning.

es that had been forced into it by

Joe's shirt collar was minus a button hole, his sleeve was torn, and he was

the trate William. For Uncle

eat dirt and say "enough."

an ecstasy of mirth.



## **Pardners**

ELLSWORTH KELLEY.

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UNDAY morning! Sunday morn ing in June!

Two old men sat under the shade of the maple trees in front yard while the church bells ngled and jarred and boomed over the housetops and out across the val-

"Pears to me like church bells soun purties' when you's away off from two or three miles, say," volun-ed the old man with the billygoat rd, he whom the boys affectionately

"Same way with a brass band," ob rved Uncle Billy, he of the smooth even face. "You git up close an' it et o' rasps your nerves an' breshe ir for all the wrong way. But git ill evenin', an' I kin shet my eyes in' imagine I hear the heavenly hosts -twangin' on their harps an' poundin'

"Yes, I've noticed the same thing, Bill. Say, do you remember when was little codgers, when we first begin to go pardners, an' heerd a church bell the fust time? We 'magined it said, 'Come, oh come,' jest as plain as

shorely, shorely! An' that remin I It's gittin' mighty near chu ie, an' I must be pokin' along. Joe, risht—old as you air, too—I wisht ou'd go to church—oftener." Old Uncle Joe nodded.

"I s'pose you do, Bill, I s'pose you do. like to real well, but not todaycan't go today. Fact is, Bill, I don't want you to do anything ag'in your ce, but I've laid off to take a walk today, a little walk out in the try. As I said, I don't want you to do anything ag'in your conscience, but I'd kind o' set my mind on havin' on go with me."

haven't missed church for nigh on ity years. An'-do you think it is ht to go a-wanderin' off that wayon Sunday? Do you, now?"

Look here, Bill! Fer the sake of argyalong the green hedgerows. We see full breaths of country air-same as we used to when we were pardners. Don't you remember how we used to who could make his chist swell ly's breath. the biggest? Healthy, wasn't it? All them things is innocent, an' all them things is good. Who made 'em? God. What fer did he make 'em? Fer you an' me to enjoy. How can we enjoy church, an' you sit there on a hard the preacher the fust thing you know you feel the soft air stealin' through the winder, an' then a bird song floats in on the air, an' it makes you feel good all over. An' then the fust thing you know you don't know a blessed thing the preacher is sayin'. Ain't that so, now, William? Ain't that so?"

"I don't know but that it is some times," feebly admitted Uncle Billy. "Of course it's so!" triumphantly exclaimed Uncle Joe. "Now, let me tell you what, Bill! You go with me today. Let's take a walk. Let's take our dinner along. Let's go out fer an old fashat good day of enjoyin' ourselves.



#### **School Shoes**

FOR

#### BOYS

The Billy Buster Steel Bottom Shoes

> The Shoe with a Sole that Don't Wear Out

543 Bond St., opposite Fisher Bros. to fish on Sunday."

to you, Bill-if you say we haven't had a good time-a rale old fashioned en-joyable time, like we used to have when we was boys-an' pardners-w'y I'll go to meetin' with you reg'lar er Sunday fer six months." Uncle illy paused, hesitated, and the man who hesitates—you know the rest of the proverb. Uncle Joe was once again ninant power in the partner that had begun when they were boys

years and years and years ago. While the second bell was calling. "Come oh come!" two bent forms crept stealthly out through the suburban orchard, climbed the fence very carefully and stole down the inside of gerow along a "turning row"

toward the river. "Joseph" (when Uncle Billy said "Joseph" in the way he said it then, it meant he was going to say some thing not quite commonplace) "Jose it was jest sech a day as this when my first wife-when Mary and I-was walkin' home from meetin'-down in the old neighborhood-when I mustered up courage to ask her if she'd have me. The brown thrushes was singin', an' the wild roses was loom. I remember, 'cause she asked me to gether a bokay of 'em. I had jackknife, an' pullin' 'em off I tore my hand on a big prickly briar. She tied up my scratched hand with her handkercher, an' when I fest the touch of her soft fingers as she did it, hand until death should part us. An'

'A strange light burned dimly in Un cle Joe's eyes as he listened—a light that flickered for an instant and died out, even as a tiny flame will somees shoot up and die out from a rted campfire smoldering by the condiside in the darkness.

He, too, in the long ago, had worshiped at the shrine of Mary-but Billy had never known.

Half an hour later they were at the old sycamore, whose misshapen trunk hung far out over the pool of water where, as boys, they had fished and bathed on many a happy summer day. "I'm glad there's no boys here to-

day," sighed Uncle Billy. "It does seem awful to me that boys as is brought up by respectable, God fearin' parents will be so wicked as to fish an' swim on the Sabbath day."

"Boy nature an' hoss nature is purty much alike the world over," sage seged! But I couldn't think of it. ly responded Uncle Joe. "I don't see that boys is any wuss than hey war when we was boys. Bill, you know you've been licked like sixty fer the same identical tricks. An' licked fer ght! Shucks! Of course it is! what? Jest 'cause you was a havin' the only downright, rale good time ment, say we take a walk. We go out you ever got a chance to have. I never had any boys of my own, but the wild roses bloomin' an' the growin' I'll tell you right here that if I had We hear the mockin' birds forty boys, an' they all wanted to go ngin' fit to kill. We take great, big, swimmin' on Sunday, why, they cou go, an' what's more, I'd go with 'em."

The audacious wickedness of such a sentiment fairly took away Uncle Bil-"Why, Joseph, you-you shorely

wouldn't think o' bein' so wicked?" "Wicked nothin'! That's jest the way you used to talk when we was boys-pardners. It was 'Joseph!' an' 'em here in town? We jest can't. 'Joseph!' An' you was into as much awhich is worst, now? You go to devikment as I was too! An' always makin' folks believe 'at I led you into seat, an' by an' by, 'stid o' listenin' to it! Dog my skin! I'm goin' to have that fish if I have to wade in an' chase him out on the bank!"



Uncle Joe had, while talking, taken hook and line from his pocket and fastened it to an ahandoned pole. Then he managed to catch a grass-hopper. He impaled it to his satisfaction and gave a cast that showed he had once been a not unscientific angler. But dexterous as was the cast the bass refused to rise to the alluring hopper. Uncle Billy sat in the shade and looked on with grave, troubled face. What would old Brother Meecham say if he were to hear of his deviation from the straight and narrow path? No doubt at this moment Brother Meecham was standing up before the "class" telling his hopes and fears, his temptations and triumphs. "What if the Lord should call me right now an' find me here at the river

The agony of the thought made Uncle Billy groan aloud. "Shet up, Bill! Fish won't bite if

you make so much noise." "I don't care if they don't! Joe, you're old enough to know better than

"Well, stop your clatter or I'll com back there an' make you.

Now, it had been Uncle Billy's failing when a boy not to be able to "take a dam." He always got the worst of

physical encounters, but the very next me he was "dared" he would again

lead a forlorn hope, because he was a coward, a moral coward. So little wonder is it that, under the old feeling of moral cowardice, he re-

plied:
"Oh, you will, will you? Mebby you'd. like to try it right now."

"Bill, if you don't shet your old fool mouth I'll-I'll come up there an' make

"You will, will you?" yelled the now properly infuriated William. "You will, will you? I'd like to see you try

It on. Try it on right now!" Uncle Joe stuck his fish pole in the sand, spat on his hands and walked up to his bellicose "pardner." He made a grab for Uncle Billy's collar, but Uncle Billy slid under his arm, caught him "side holts," and "under holts" at that. As a boy tussle it would have been commonplace. But when old men

Each man's face showed tense, set jaws and watchful eyes.

At that instant Uncle Billy happened to glance toward the river. He wondered if any one was watching. Ells glance caught the violent sway of the fishing pole. He broke "holts" and ex-

"Joe, you've got 'im!" Uncle Joe made a clumsy, rheumatic old run and was just in time to grasp the pole as it pulled out of the sand. Dexterously he guided the fish, for his muscular sense told him that the line was not strong enough to draw the game captive from the water. He played it as well as he could, hoping to tire it. But his prey kept dashing wildly from side to side of the pool.

Uncle Joe's old arms grew tired. "Bill, Bill! You'll have to spell me a bit. I'm tuckered out. I'll go havers

Uncle Billy had forgotten his late misgivings in the excitement of the moment. He relieved Uncle Joe, who dropped down in the shade, panting. The big fish began to show signs of tiring. The struggles grew more fee-ble, the rushes less frequent. With a wheezy shout of triumph Uncle Billy swung it to land, and-

"Jumpin' Jehoshaphat! Billy! Billy! Oh, my!" Uncle Joe was down on the grass

rolling over and over in an ecstasy of "Wha-what's the matter, Joe? Air

you sick?" anxiously queried Uncle "Oh, nuthin's the matter, Billy," an-

swered Uncle Joe, when at last he rose to a sitting posture, "only your bass ain't a bass. It's nothin' but a dratted With a look of disgust Uncle Billy

dispatched the shark of inland waters, and the "pardners" ate their dinner. After dinner they sat in the shade and grew reminiscent. Bygone sports, sleighing, picnics, shows-the young folks of two generations ago were brought to life again. Sometimes their voices rang with almost boyish laughter. Sometimes their eyes grew misty with tears, and over all the glorious

all the voice of the water falling over the riffle up stream. "Bill, shore's I live, there's a redbird's nest in that ellum. Shew! I wish I was sixty years younger. How I'd like to look in that nest and see if

sky of the June Sabbath and through

redbirds' eggs look like they used to when we was boys. You used to be a mighty good climber, Billy. What say you to climbin' up an' gittin' me an egg or two?" "Me climb at my age!"

"Why, yes. I'm only a year older 'n you, Billy, but you are a dozen times more soople than I be. I've watched your back as you go down the street, an' you step as spry as a boy of twenty.

Uncle Billy was not proof against this flattery. "If I hed a rail an' you'd boost me

a little, I might try."

Uncle Joe found a rail, put one end against the tree and gave Uncle Billy the required boost.

He reached the lower limbs in safety and in a short time had secured the eggs, which he dropped one by one into Uncle Joe's "hankercher." Then he started to get down. When he reached the lower limbs the rail was

"Say, Joe, put back that rail." "I guess you'd better stay up there, Billy, where you kin keep cool. It's wful hot down here."

"Please, Joe! Don't act a fool. Please put up the rail. Please do!" "Oh, I dunno, Billy. I guess I'll hev

to leave you now. It's gittin' late, anyhow, an' I don't want to be out in the night air." And Joe started as if to

"Joe! Joe! Come back, Joe! Com back! Please!" "No, Billy. Guess I'd better git back

to town an' let folks know where you air. What you s'pose Brother Meecham will say when he hears you've been fishin'-an' robbin' poor little innocent birds' nests? Think of it! You, at your age an' on Sunday tool" And then Joe was gone.

Humiliation and rage were tumultuous in the soul of Uncle Billy.

With a bravery born of desperation he "cooned" out along the limb. It swayed under his weight, but he knew an elm limb would not break. Lower and lower it swayed under him until he felt safe in dropping to the ground. When he touched ground and convinced himself that he was free from hurt a mighty resolve entered his heart. If he could only lay hands on

#### Tide Table for Octobe

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TRANSPORTATION.

#### TIMB CARD Astoria & Columbia River R. R. Co.

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Bunday Only H	Except Sunday	p.m.	p.m. 6,00 7,20 7,35 7,58 8,05 8,13 8,34 8,52 9,40	a.m. 8.00 9.20 9.35 9.57 10.05 10.15 10.36 11.45 11.45	0, 39.4 45.8 55.9 59.8 62.3 71.2 78.7 99.8 196.7	Lv. PORTLAND+ Ar.  Lv. GOBLE+ Arr  RAINIER+ OUINCY  CLATBK ANIE JUNCTION+ WESTPORT.  CLIPTON  Ar ASTORIA Ar  Lv. ASTORIA Ar  WARRENTON Lv	119.1 79.7 78.8 63.2 59.8 66.8 47.9 40.4 19.8 19.3 18.4	P. B. 12,15 10,86 10,40 10,15 10,05 9,52 9,31 9,15 8,16 7,56	P.111. 10.000 8.40 7.50 7.50 7.40 7.19 7.04 6.10 5.50 8.35	Stroept Sunday	H Arao Aspans 25
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Trains marked \* run daily; eis (11:1)

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